

VOL. III. { D. C. DENSMORE, PUBLISHER. } NO. WEYMOUTH, MASS., NOV. 15, 1878. { \$1.65 PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE. } NO. 22.

VOICE OF ANGELS.

Enlarged from 8 to 12 pages, formerly issued from No. 5 Dwight Street, Boston, Mass., will after this date be published at *Fair View House, North Weymouth, Mass.*, the 1st and 15th of each month.

SPIRIT L. JUDD PARDEE, Editor-in-Chief.
" D. K. MINER, Business Manager;
D. C. DENSMORE, Amanuensis and Publisher.

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LITERARY.

[For the Voice of Angels.]

**"THERE SHALL BE NO NIGHT THERE.
THERE SHALL BE NO MORE
DEATH."**

THROUGH TRYPHENA O. PARDEE.

SWIFT Life is now winging through changes sublime,
With her mellow light melting the shadows of time,
And her night-blossoms shedding their lingering sweets,
The fresh, fragrant beauty of morning complete—
While the radiance streaming from long rising stars,
Enlivening the future's bright, beautiful bars,
Fires again the rapt altar of Truth's darkened forms,
Bearing soul-prayerful incense from death-darkened tombs.

Aroused from her lair like a giant affright,
With his shaggy locks streaming from vanishing night,
Cold death in his terrible darkness now flees,
And his bellowing roaring is lost on the breeze;
Still the echoing notes from the vision of John
Are a witness to mortals that ages ago
Saw the glimpses of glory that man would enjoy
In the light of the Spirit that death-pangs destroy.

Still the Bethlehem songs ring anew on the air,
And angels are cheering hearts wrung by despair;
Young children are strewing green branches along,
With swelling hosannas for life's listening throng.
"Oh, God! do they live!" is the mourner's deep prayer,
"From our sight thou hast called them—oh, do tell us where!
Those life-blessings dearest thou gavest to me,
Through faith's heavy mist no form can we see."

"Must we evermore pine with this grief-laden soul,
With this broken heart stung by its bright hopes' despair?
Was it Thy word that told us?—'tis enough to believe
They are happy in heaven—we must not for them grieve?
Oh, heaven, all glowing with brightness of day,
Oh, earth, all aglow with rich beauty's display,
Oh, life, with thy promises beaming with truth,
Oh, why are our loved ones consigned to the dust?"

Philosophy wakes from her dream of the night,
Showing Nature's great truths all ablaze with the light,
While memory gathers dropped crumbs of the past,
To satiate with vanda man's longed for repast;

Theology lifts her rich goblet of wine,
Pressed ages ago from Orient vines,
And the red blood of martyrs that sparkles therein
Is dashed to the ground foaming lustily with sin.

The pure waters of life, with God's mingling love,
Descending in dewdrops from mansions above,
Dissolve with the coolness of reason's fair play,
The priest-formal lessons that customs obey.
Waft, waft, ye wild winds, over mountain and sea
Life's phenomenal triumphs round old Galilee;
Now revive in completeness immortality's strains—
And "peace and good-will" are their joyful refrain.

The time has arrived so often foretold,
When the "Spirit of Truth" shall enlighten man's soul,
And demonstrate knowledge that man never dies
To "the city adorned as a bride" from the skies.
No more shall man grope in the blindness of faith;
For the Science of Life, with its manifold tests,
Shall answer inquiring souls o'er and o'er—
"Death is only a change—we shall live evermore."

Oh, city of light! the upraised human soul
No death-night again shall thy borders control;
And thy gifts of illumining graces divine
Are the precious gems sparkling from mind unto mind.
No more shall fell death cast a venomous sting,
But the heavens and earth shall harmoniously sing.
"Aye, Glory to God in the Highest Most High!
Dear Life is eternal!—Man never can die!"

ELLINGTON, N. Y., Oct. 13, 1878.

[For the Voice of Angels.]

CIVILIZATION:

MESSAGE NUMBER THIRTEEN.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

To the Readers of the "Voice," Greeting:

I AM desired by the immortal minds who have presented to you the messages on Civilization to say a few words at this juncture, with the object of ascertaining the exact amount and kind of interest which has been awakened in the subject, and the degree of comprehension of the Plan presented, etc.

First, let me invite every one who feels a longing for a truly harmonious life, in which the higher nature can act freely, without detriment to material or social interests—in other words, in which the *Spiritual* powers and gifts can be cultivated continuously, with no resulting martyrdom—let me invite every one who desires to make the most of life, in the highest sense, to express that desire in a familiar letter to us, and to give a frank and candid statement of the obstacles, if any, to the realization of the desire and the attainment of such a life. We wish to become "acquainted" with every

person who, having read carefully the messages, (especially the first few,) now feels an active and deep interest in the subject of a New Civilization and a positive attraction to the Plan proposed.

We wish to know if any are ready for active work, on the precise basis given, or whether there has been awakened only a general feeling of mental sympathy with the objects in view.

The messages evidently point to practicalities, and mean something more than fine or earnest words; it looks as if the theories wrapped up in the Harmonial Philosophy are now intended to be "evolved" into actual practice of the Harmonial Life. And who are ready—ready to help inaugurate *practical Spiritualism*?—ready to join hands with the angels of Peace for the inushering of the dawn of a True Life upon the earth? We are willing to work with any who may be chosen, and to locate permanently on any spot selected by the Guides above.

Let us feel the warm glow of your hearts, dear friends, in this sweet work of love. Be baptized, I pray you, in the living waters of the Spirit; then write the fresh words as they flow. [You will, of course, remember that it may require vitality, time and stamps, etc., on our part, to conduct such a correspondence.]

Secondly, any person feeling interest enough in the movement to send ten cents, will receive in return a printed summary of the Plan, in an outline statement entitled "Basic Elements of a New System of Life, proposed for the consideration of mankind, as a substitute for existing forms of Civilization," with diagrams of ground-plan of a single Group and of a small Group-Village.

Thirdly, we will visit any locality for the purpose of explaining fully the New System of Life, and the New Alphabet and Short-hand, in a course of familiar lectures, either public or private. This will enable us to become personally acquainted, perhaps, with some who are "chosen," and enable them to learn more fully than they could otherwise do how it is proposed to practically organize, locate and establish the new life. Our terms will be very moderate: requiring simply that our travelling and inci-

your time in trying to reform the Catholics, you can do it; but you needn't try and persuade me from hunting them, for I know that is the only way to meet their persecutions.

ROBERT HARRISON.

GOOD DAY, SIR,—How strange I feel. I never expected to have a chance to express myself here. When I left this world, no man could have convinced me that this was not the last of me. I had examined every evidence which I could find to show that I existed after this life was over. I could find none; and right here I would like to ask you a question. How is it that this life, which is continued on after death, is not made plainer to men? On such an important point and of such vital interest to mankind, there ought to have been some plainer way reached to convince them of it. A man has many chances to pick up valuable information here. I do not think I was prejudiced against Spiritualism; and I think from the ease with which I come here to-day, that I could readily have received the proof of its truth.

I lived a quiet life—I read a few books. I had no definite understanding of the life to come; neither had I any prejudices to overcome, and yet I felt within my spirit from time to time a desire for the life beyond, although I would never express it or give way to it. One whom I loved much, a daughter, who preceded me to Spirit-life, gives me the greatest concern. It grieves me, sir, to see the situation of that daughter in Spirit-life. She has hedged herself in with such beliefs, that I, her father, and one who would gladly rescue her, cannot reach her. I hope that the time will come when all will understand the road that leads to eternal life, and how to go equipped for this journey which all will have to make. My name was Robert Harrison, of Richmond, Va. It has been nine years since I passed away. I was a hardware merchant in that City.

[Will the teachers of Spiritualism please answer the pregnant question asked by this Spirit. J. M. R.]

SUSAN KUNKLE.

MR. DENSMORE,—You say all are welcome. I thank you. I promised they should hear from me again. I want my sisters Harriet and Emma to see this; I am so sorry they think as they do about my first communication. It was my own. I was a Christian, and tried to live an honest Christian life; but I found after I would that I'd got a good deal to learn. I'd got

to get rid of my old notions of heaven and hell, before I could get along at all; and I want you all to take this into consideration, that you can't get rid of your sins merely by belief in Christ. You have got to pay the penalty for every evil deed committed; and no Christ can save you, no church can save you, no Bible can save you—you are to depend upon your own efforts, you are to work out your own salvation.

You have doubted that it was me that sent the first communication. Was I given to telling lies? You know I was not. And to Emma: I am so sorry that she disbelieves her husband—such a good man as he is.

I have found out many things since leaving earth-life. I find that those who are so ready to doubt the truth of others are not to be trusted too far themselves.

To my more than brother, George Richey:

Then let our songs resound,
Sing of the sweet By-and-bye,
When with our loved ones we are found
In happy homes on high.

To my children: I see it is of no use to talk to you; you will not do as I wish. Believe me, Walter and Charles, I am ever near you. SUSAN KUNKLE.

A FRAGMENT.

A MAN may revel as he will
And still be lord and king;
But woman, making one misstep,
Must hear her death-knell ring.

Oh, human justice! Oh, jewel of consistency!
Whither have ye fled?

DR. D. AMBROSE DAVIS.

IF we think of religion only as a means of escaping what we call the wrath to come, we shall not escape it. We are already under it; we are under the burden of death, for we care only for ourselves.—James Anthony Froude.

HAPPY is the man that has such a friend beside him when he comes to die! How many men, I wonder, does one meet with in a lifetime whom he would choose for his death-bed companions?—Hawthorne.

EVEN Job, with heaps upon heaps of distressing events to distract him, never really gave up till his three friends opened their mouths and tried to comfort him.

"TUNIE" FUND.

We have been requested by the Band controlling the destiny of this paper to call upon those of our patrons who are able to contribute to a fund for sending the VOICE OF ANGELS free to those unable to pay for it. To any and all our patrons who can send any amount, if ever so small, for the above purpose, we will credit the amount they may send, in the next issue of the paper.

Since our last, we have received the following donations to the "Tunie" Fund:

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J. Dunn, Portland, Me.,	-	-	.50
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Friend, Alston,	-	-	.75
S. W. T.,	-	-	1.00

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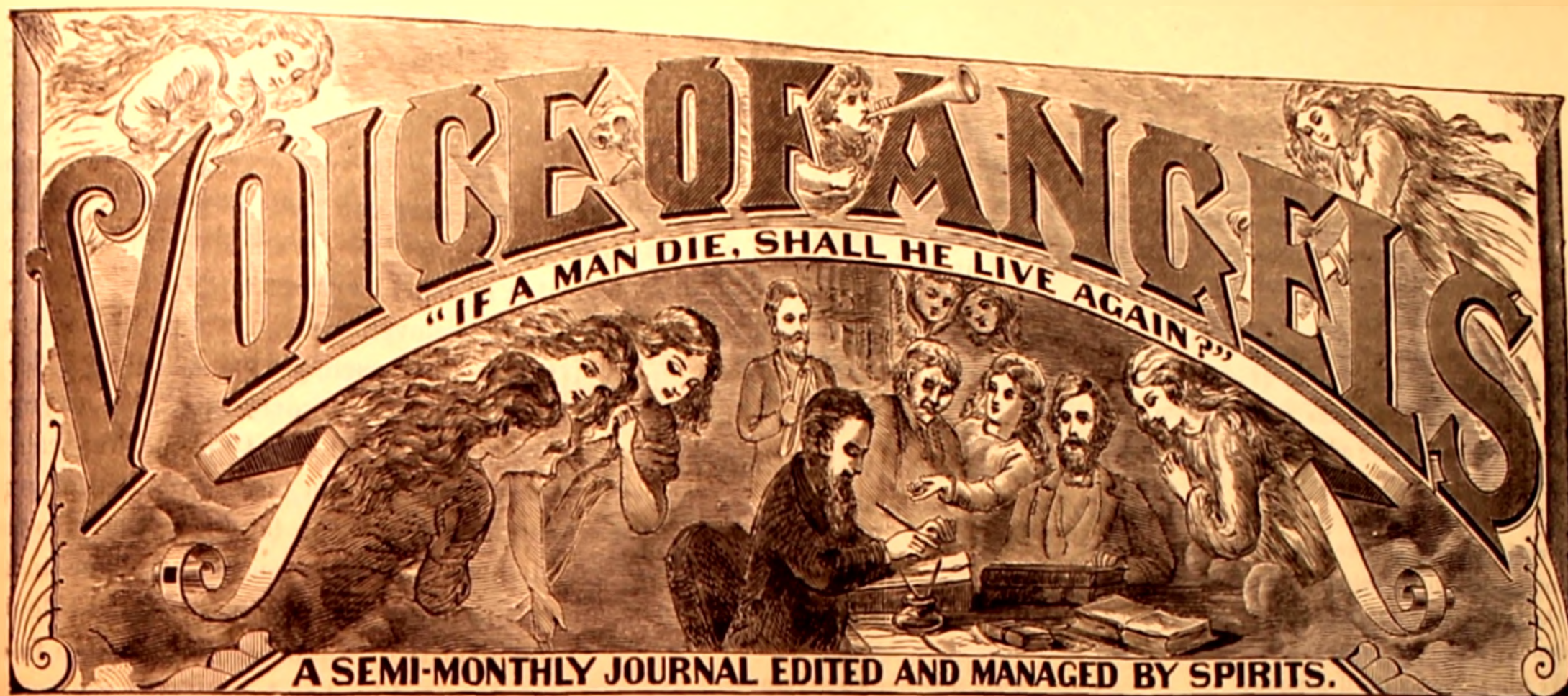
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dental expenses be met, (with of course entertainment and a place to "speak,") and whatever more may be generously contributed by the friends of the movement to enable us the better to prosecute the work.

We are prepared with original music, to add to the harmony and interest of our meetings. We shall be ready to make a move from this point very soon, being admonished not to linger too long.

Please write, therefore, at once or very soon, dear friends all, and we can shape our route understandingly. Let no one hesitate to write, who feels a desire to see us and to become acquainted with the Guides and the work, etc. We will accommodate, if possible.

In fellowship and love.

JAMES M. AND SARAH S. ALLEN
MARTINE, Plymouth Co., Mass., 10-30-78.

(For the Voice of Angels.)

CORRESPONDENCE.

HAYES P. O., Wash. Ter., Aug. 26, 1878.

MY DISTINGUISHED FRIEND AND BROTHER: In the plenitude of my gratitude I thank you. I felicitate you, and, on behalf of the thousands that have been and that will yet be benefitted by and through you—through your Angel-born paper—I do most cordially congratulate you.

Though many and various the avenues by and through which the all-inviting, all-absorbing, all-benefitting Philosophy of Spiritism is now being demonstrated and established, than your own dear Voice none is more potent, more effective, and soon none more popular.

Born under the most favorable auspices, (notwithstanding its mundane financial embarrassment,) the conception of its need by advanced, cultured Intelligences of the Angel-world—offspring, as it is, of the profoundest thoughts, the maturest deliberations—edited by a cultured, philosophic Spirit-Intelligence, our beloved brother Pardee—through one of the very best of Mediums, your humble self, Dr. Denmore, successfully influenced as you often are by noble, reliable and influential Intelligences, among whom is your good, active, aiding, Angel-daughter, Tunie, etc.—and to be, as it will be, sustained by such agencies, influences, forces—the institution (for such is the Voice of Angels) cannot fail, but must triumph, succeed.

And now, my good fellow-readers, we who are being so greatly benefitted and blessed by its presence, by its rational contents, by its sublime philosophy, let us not, I entreat you, let us not forget our own individual duties toward it; forget, oh, forget not the liberal support we owe it.

The earth-life means—the human agency part of it—is to be maintained by the liberality, by the money of its patrons, friends. Send, then, according to your means, to Bro. Denmore, the needed money; aid actively in spreading its circulation, and the result will be a larger and more beneficial paper, a greater number of messages, etc. And now, when we all shall have done our duty in this respect, we will be most liberally rewarded in the cheering and

joy-giving messages that will come to us from the dear, valued ones gone before.

And now, accordingly, I most earnestly invite you, my good Angel-friend, Miss Tunie, to serve me by finding my good Spirit-friend, Thomas Foubister, Esq., and request him to give me and his many friends hereabouts a strong test-message, through your and our good Voice of Angels.

Please give me an occasional call, in my school, Miss Tunie, and others.

R. T. LOCKWOOD.

THE HOME CIRCLE.

Go, sit beside the hearth again,
Whose circle once was glad and gay;
And if from out the precious chain
Some shining links have dropped away,
Then guard with tenderer heart and hand
The remnant of thy household band.

Draw near the board with plenty spread,
And sit in the accustomed place
You see the father's reverend head
Or mother's patient, loving face,
Whatever your life may have of ill,
Thank God that these are left you still.

And though where home hath been your stand,
Today in alien loneliness,
Though you may sleep no brother's hand,
And claim no sister's tender kiss,
Though with no friend nor lover nigh,
The past is all your company—

Thank God for friends your life has known,
For every dear, departed day;
The blessed past is safe alone—
God gives, but does not take away;
He only safely keeps above
For us the treasures that we love.

VERIFICATION OF SPIRIT-MESSAGE.

THROUGH M. T. SHELHAMER.

ELLINGTON, N. Y., Oct. 29, 1878.

BROTHER DENMORE.—With unspeakable joy, the silent, anxious desire of my soul for Spirit-communication from my friends, whom death has so mysteriously concealed from my sight, is at last gratified by a communication from my first husband, R. P. Colton, he who first spoke that tenderest of all words to me—"Love"—and oh, how sincerely this message from the invisible shore convincingly assures! Well do I remember the vows exchanged between us of fidelity forever to each other, and how I startled at the sound of my own voice, when I said, "Yes, Rimmon, from this moment I am yours for time and eternity." When the last word was pronounced, I thought, What have I said?—eternity is carrying the subject too extreme; that is, beyond the measure of mortals. But now, when I read his precious Spirit-words—"Thank God, we shall one day be united, when soul shall commune with soul and heart with heart, as in early life"—I feel as though there was a higher power that witnessed and recorded the cementing of our union of soul-felt natural affection; which the turbid waves of Life's ocean of sorrows, trials, disappointments, losses, crosses, death, and fi-

nally, second marriage, have never had the power to obliterate. At the same time, telling me he understands all my motives, and is satisfied—with assurance that he still loves and watches over our dearly-beloved son, on whom he had centered all his earthly hopes, feeling a deep solicitude for his sorrows, which twenty-five years ago, at the time he was called away, he could not have dreamed of, and certainly could not be known now to the Medium, who is an entire stranger to all parties in the case—proves beyond a doubt the identity of a true communication from my departed husband, verifying the words of Jesus, "What is bound on earth is also bound in heaven," a bond sealed and signed by his own life-test beyond the grave, which makes me exultingly exclaim—

"Oh, Life! Life divine!—Thou art mine—thou art mine!
Oh, sweet eternal Life! I am thine!
I can never, never die!"

This, together with a simultaneous communication from my late husband, Augustus Pardee, in every sense characteristic of himself, showing there is no contention in that beautiful land about "Whose wife shall she be?"—but in the principles of Angel-love, expressed by our adorable Saviour, stripped of all earthly selfishness, joins in the heavenly benediction, and they unitedly bless me forever. Oh, is not my cup of living joy full! Words are too feeble for expression! Oh, Augustus! dear, tried soul! how my rejoicings for your change from pain and sorrows untold arise today, as I write my thanks to God and his angels, who have permitted and assisted you to send this tender soul-greeting from the eternal shores of Life!

Praise to God for this ever-to-be-remembered blessing, of double communication from my departed and spiritually-unfolded husbands! My soul feels a triumph that holds me halting between the two worlds, scarce knowing to which I belong.

There was one mistake in Mr. Colton's communication—the spelling of his Christian name, which is Rimmon, being not a very common name, in all probability was mistaken for Robert by the reporter. All the rest was right.

Hoping to hear from them again, I return sincere thanks to all who sent their love to me, giving mine in hearty return.

I subscribe myself, truly,

TRYPHENA C. PARDEE.

HUMAN opinion has so many shades that it is sure to find two people who agree. But two people may agree wonderfully, if they will but let a third think for both.

SPIRIT EXPERIENCES OF JOHN
CRITCHLEY PRINCE,THE ENGLISH POET, GIVEN BY HIS DEAR FRIEND
THE ORGANISM OF M. T. BUEHLHART,
NUMBER TWELVE.

AND now, good friends, you, unto whom I have revealed a few of the most vitalizing experiences of my Spiritual life, I feel that I must draw these papers to a close, and taking each one of you Spiritually by the hand, bid you to go on with your efforts in self-culture and advancement; and God speed you forward in your work for your own souls and for humanity.

Again I say, it is impossible for me to convey to you anything more than a mere outline of the inner experience of the Spirit; each one of you must undergo the process for yourselves, ere you can realize how intense in thought and feeling, and how thoroughly quickened into life are all the sensations of Spiritual existence. In fact, Spirit is all thought, all sense, and it is as impossible to escape from ourselves, and the consequences of our lives, as it is to exist without the ordinary mode of respiration.

Hence, let me entreat you to endeavor, constantly and earnestly, to so live that only the reflection of a pure life shall cast itself over your Spirit; that only the recollection of good accomplished and evil resisted shall visit your soul, when you have attained the immortal heights of the other world.

But ere I close these few remarks, I feel that I must say a word in regard to the cause that lies nearest my heart. Interested as I am and must be in all movements of reform, all methods of advancement calculated to ameliorate the condition of humanity, and eager as I am to see the race moving along upon a higher, purer, more Spiritualized plane of life, yet my soul's best endeavors must be employed in the temperance cause. As one who has sinned and suffered, as one who has experienced the agony and the vicissitudes of intemperance, I feel it my duty to hang out a warning flag to others, that shall be a signal of danger to those who look that way.

Sad as it is, yet true, that the drinking habit has fastened itself upon countless numbers of our race; sad that intemperance and ruin is dragging down to death, not only the old, scarred veterans of humanity, but even the fresh, fair, young flowers of the land.

Sad, ay, too, too sad, that while women weep and children wail because of the misery entailed upon them, Spirit-

Life is crowded with souls that have passed out from earth with the taint of intemperance defiling their persons and dragging them downwards. No wonder, then, that the angels weep in pity. No wonder that noble souls come thronging back, pleading with you to seek for good, to resist evil, and to uplift your head above the haunts of wrong and wickedness.

How long, ay, how long, shall this state of things continue to exist? When shall the morning dawn that shall usher in a new day, a day of universal temperance and purity? When shall the darkness break, and a new era of light of knowledge and wisdom come flooding in upon us? Not until man shall study the laws of his own being, and so studying, learn to live in harmony with those laws. Not until every man and every woman becomes a physiologist, understanding the structure and composition of his or her own organism, and learning of that wisdom that says, Partake of nothing but what assimilates with the component parts of your body, or what satisfies the natural demands of nature. Not until man and woman study the law of heredity, of transmission, which teaches that whatever trait of character, whatever peculiarity of disposition, whatever fatal appetite or habit the parent possesses, is transmitted to the offspring, either in a modified or aggravated degree, and which is sure to crop out somewhere and at some time in one form or another. Not until humanity, learning these truths, live up to them in obedience; not until women refuse to wed with men who partake of liquor, either moderately or immoderately; not until men, who possess the fatal heritage or habit of love for liquor, who indulge at all in its use, whether often or rarely, take a firm stand, knowing they are but performing their duty, however hard it may be, and refrain from seeking the hand and heart of any woman in wedlock.

Thus shall we be spared in a great measure the humiliating degradation of rearing a nation or nation's people, possessing within themselves a desire for and love of intoxicants, possessing fractious, unlovable dispositions, nervous, sleekly constitutions, weak and debilitated minds, spirits all dwarfed and cramped by the conditions inflicted upon them, and many times predisposed to vice and crime; for we tell you, if not all of these miseries, yet parts of them are inflicted upon the offspring and their descendants of those afflicted with low habits and perverted appetites, (among the worst of which is a love for spirituous or malt liq-

ors,) and it is a truth well sustained by facts, that each and every one of these woes compose the heritage of the child whose parent or parents have acquired a taste for strong drink.

And yet again, the time must come when men and women cease to make use of those patent "medicines," composed principally of alcohol. We tell you you do not need them; that they are taking away the best part of your life, vitiating the blood and weakening the system; that if they stimulate you for one hour, they leave your whole body depleted and depressed the next, and you have to resort to them again and again to restore—as you think—the tone of the system, but in reality to lower still further the pure natural life and vitality of the physical—and Spiritual, also. In this way, too, can you transmit the craving for and love of liquor to your children; and when you find a young person craving for and seeking the means to gratify himself with strong drink, one whose ancestors have been temperate and sober, rest assured there is a cause for all this which can be ascertained, and if he has not acquired a perverted appetite, by going into the company of the intemperate and indulging in the social glass, then the law of heredity steps in and will explain the mystery somehow.

Physiology tells us that alcoholic stimulants in any form, not only vitiate the blood, produce ulcers and corruptions upon the liver, but they also irritate the stomach and create dyspepsia, that most distressing of all complaints. Sunlight, air and water are nature's stimulants, and he who uses a due proportion of these, combined with a simple dietary system and plenty of exercise and sleep, will need no other.

Again, I am rejoiced to find that a public sentiment is being created in regard to this subject—a public sentiment that is felt throughout the length and breadth of nations; a sentiment in favor of suppressing the manufacture and sale of alcoholic liquors, and of seeking to elevate and promote the cause of temperance, at all times and in all places. It has crept into the churches, and now the clergy dare to stand and utter sentiments in its favor; it makes itself heard in the street and upon the rostrum; it enters our Legislative halls and demands a hearing; and it has formed organizations, the power of which are felt everywhere. So much for the cause of temperance, encouraged by public sentiment, and it must and shall go farther. Public sentiment in this res-

pect must go on until the manufacture and sale of alcohol as a beverage will be universally admitted as a crime against humanity, and no man who cares for the opinion of his fellows, (and what man does not?) will dare to engage in the business. Public sentiment in this respect will go on until intemperance will be looked upon as such an evil that no man or woman will consent to raise the wine-cup to his lips. That time must come, and with the help of angels, we say, God hasten the day.

And now, one word for temperance organizations. I have visited many of them and unqualifiedly I say, they are a good thing. Ill harmony may sometimes creep in, but the spirit of the movement is all right; and I would advise you, if practical, to connect yourselves with some good Order of Temperance. If you have never been in the habit of using strong drink, it will do no harm, but on the contrary will inculcate in your souls such principles, that you will never be likely to form the habit under any circumstances, while it will enable you to encourage and to extend your influence over those unfortunates who possess the appetite for liquor.

If you have formed the habit of liquor drinking, then by joining these associations, you surround yourself with an influence that will assist you to resist temptation and overcome the habit, while you will draw about you Angel-helpers from the unseen shore, who will develop within you that latent strength that is needed to sustain you through the battles of life; for, while it is a fact that, in all my experience I have never met a mortal who has been influenced for evil by undeveloped Spirits, unless some defect in his organism, whether inherited weakness, perverted appetite, or evil habit, has left a loophole through which that blighting influence may enter, so it is also true that it is almost impossible for good, noble Spirits to assist you, unless you are placed in the condition that they may use.

And so I say, God bless the temperance organizations and all reformatory institutions, for theirs is the Spirit that giveth life.

And now, a few closing words to those unfortunate souls who are weak and tempted; who are addicted to the habit of intemperance. My whole soul goes out to you in sympathy, and were it possible, I would lift each one of you up from your present standpoint of weakness upon a platform of mental strength and of moral integrity. I do not condemn; I only

pity. I dare not censure; I only sympathize. From my own experience I gain a knowledge of the road you have to travel, and were it in my power, I would enfold you with that divine strength that would enable you to cast off the shackles of habit, and to crush the serpent under your feet.

Let me implore you, out of the deep compassion I hold for you, to endeavor, with all the firmness of your souls, with all the determined will-power you possess, that you will throw off the fatal incubus that weighs you down; that you will become free men and women, slaves of no appetite nor passion; that you will crush them down, and assert your manhood and womanhood; and with the love and sympathy of the angels, you will become pure, and worthy of their companionship. Go on, and heaven bless you in your efforts for self-redemption.

And now, good friends, adieu. It may be we shall meet again; but whether we do or no, may the angels of love and harmony, of purity and peace, abide with you always, fitting your lives for a habitation of light, and an experience of joy in the Spirit-World.

TO THE MEDIUM,

MRS. A. ANDREWS.

IRIDESCENT glory surrounds the highest Spirits. Give ear unto the melody that comes floating on the stream of these elements. Like the lyres of heaven, they submerge in its ether all they surround. Coming as the tinkle of silver bells, then, as the holy halo of inspiration is poured out, comes the highest gift to mortals, in all its sacredness, hallowing the usefulness of life. Up the steep ascent of time its glory will grow brighter and brighter, with each step on the round of the ladder of progress, soul meeting soul in its ascent, giving their influences, and at last, when finished, standing on the topmost round, the Spirit will almost imperceptibly take its flight, closing its usefulness in earth-life, and looking back earthward, will then be crowned with iridescent glory.

Finished is the earth-life now:
A crown of light surrounds the brow,
Flashing back, in letters bright,
"A life well spent in doing right."

HARD CONDITIONS.—Life has such hard conditions that every dear and precious gift, every rare virtue, every pleasant faculty, every genial endowment, love, hope, joy, wit, sprightliness, benevolence, must sometimes be put into the crucible to distil the one elixir—patience.—*Gail Hamilton.*

CONTENTMENT abides with truth. And you will generally suffer for wishing to appear other than you are, whether it be richer, or greater, or more learned. The mask soon becomes an instrument of torture.—*Helps.*

INSPIRATIONAL GEMS.

[For the Voice of Angels.]

COMFORT TO THE MOURNER

BY M. THERESA SHELHAMER.

There are souls dwelling yet in the mortal
Whose lives are encrusted with gloom,
Whose hearts are enshrouded with sorrow,
Where flowers of peace never bloom;
There are souls that are tired with striving
For the good we are told is within,
And souls groping on through the darkness
That covers the pathway of sin.

There are souls peering out from the shadows,
With the light of despair in each eye,
Entreating for comfort and mercy,
And earnestly praying to die;
There are others all yearning with sadness
For the sight of some loved one again,
While tears down their faces are coursing
In showers of silvery rain.

There are feet that are tired with climbing
The wearisome mountain of life,
And others worn out in the battle,
The heat of its turmoil and strife;
There are hearts that are wounded and bleeding
From the blow of the chastener's rod,
Yet all in their own way are nearing
The realm of the infinite God.

Oh, mourners, whose burdens are heavy,
Who faint 'neath your crosses of pain,
Look up, for the day-star is shining
Through clouds that are heavy with rain.
Look up—though ye dwell in the valley,
Take your eyes from the cold, cheerless ground
For the sunlight is gilding the hill-tops,
And the mountains with glory are crowned.

Look up, till your spirits acquire
New life from the scene you behold,
Look up, till your souls are inspired
With a courage of value untold;
While the sunshine is slowly descending
The slopes of the steep rugged height,
Till lo, all your ravines and gorges
And your valley are flooded with light.

Oh, mortals, who dwell in the shadows
Of sorrow and want and despair,
You are safe in the love of the Father,
And under his tenderest care;
Your footsteps are nearing His mansions,
Though you falter and faint at the door,
And his light shall encircle your being
With a halo of peace evermore.

And the voices of seraphs and angels
Shall hush in a silence so blest,
Till your spirits grow strong and enduring
To follow His kindly behest;
Then the silvery tones of immortals
In a chorus of greeting shall swell,
The welcome of which shall be greater
Than the tongue of a mortal can tell.

Oh, mortals, whose burdens are heavy,
Whose pathway is rough to your feet,
Cheer up, for the voices of angels
Are whispering tender and sweet;
And this is the theme of their chorus—
"We will guide you to mansions above,
Where each soul shall find peace and perfection
In the arms of Omnipotent Love."

[For the Voice of Angels.]

THE BLESSINGS OF THE RAIN.

BY JOHN CRITCHLEY PRINCE, THROUGH HIS MEDIUM,
M. T. SHELHAMER.

[WRITTEN DURING A MORNING SHOWER IN AUGUST.]

GENTLY and sweetly falls the blessed rain
Alike upon the evil and the just,
Till all the thirsty earth revives again,
And loses every trace of heat and dust.

The flowers lift high their honey-scented cups,
In eager haste to quaff this pearly dew,
The trees and bushes lift their branches up
And gather life and energy anew.

The brooklet stays to catch the welcome shower
That swells its waters with an added force;
The meadows feel the vigorizing power,
And smile in gladness to Creation's Source.

All Nature glows with happiness and peace
Upon this good, hallowed Sabbath morn,
When all the blessings of the earth increase,
And gleams of love and beauty brightly dawn.

For birds, rejoicing at the crystal shower,
Shake off the crested jewels from the wing,
And poising on some richly tinted flower,
They cause the air with melody to ring.

And all the earth is beautiful and good,
While now the sun in gorgeous splendor breaks,
And lighting up each meadow, glen and wood,
Rare hints of glory from its bosom wakes.

And all is fair, serene and calm and bright,
For every trace of dust is washed away,
And in the clear revelations of the light
The world glows beautiful as the perfect day.

Rejoice, oh, man! that thus thy inner powers
Shall feel the coolness of life's holy rain,
And thro' the cleansing process of its showers
Thy spirit shall revive in peace again.

Awake, and know that crystal rain-drops fall,
And fill thy soul with pain and woe and gloom,
To free thy spirit from earth's passions' thrall,
And make its buds of love and beauty bloom.

And by-and-bye the glorious sun of Truth
Will burst upon thy vision, making plain
The new born beauties and the joys of youth,
With all the blessings of life's fallen rain.

And by-and-bye the harvest-time of Peace
Will show its bounteous fruits of perfect gain,
Its wealth of gladness that shall never cease
To sound its praises for life's bitter rain.

And by-and-bye the coming day will show
The sunshine of God's love, revealed so plain
That every soul with gratitude shall glow,
And utter praises for life's golden rain.

[For the Voice of Angels.]

WHEN SHALL THE MORNING DAWN?

BY OWHEETA.

WHEN shall the morning dawn,
And chase the night away,
And shine upon my path,
That I no longer stray?
Rugged and steep the road,
And my feet are bleeding sore;
I'm weak, and stumble and fall,
And think I can rise no more:
Yet onward I must go,
And upward is my way,
I long for the light of the morn,
The perfect light of day.

When shall the morning dawn,
And usher in the day
When truth and right the world shall rule
And all man's actions away?—
When man to man shall be
A brother kind and true,
And help the weak to rise again,
As brothers ought to do?
When love shall lead each one
Earth's mission to fulfill,
And find their sweetest joys
To do God's holy will?

I am weary and sad in view of the past,
For I've felt the smart and pain
For those who were taken away from my heart
And ne'er came back again.
I have wept for the false who should have been true,
Whose lives were a blot and a stain,
And I pray that the future may not repeat
The terrible lesson again.

Oh, Father God, we look to thee,
In this our hour of need;
Thou wilt not give thy children stones
When they ask thee for bread.
We ask for strength to do thy will,
And all thy truth to speak—
These are the mercies that we crave,
The blessings that we seek.

When shall the morning dawn,
To usher in the day,
When man with angels shall unite
To sing their joyful lay?
VOICE OF THE ANGELS, hail!
We greet you with great joy;
For by your light shall human hearts
Sing "Glory to God on high!"

[For the Voice of Angels.]

OUR DEPARTING POETS.

BY WEST INDER.

Our song-birds are taking their heavenward flight—
One by one they flit home to their rest;
At morning, at noon, and in the still night
They depart to the land of the blest.
We watch their white wings, as they pass from view,
And weep bitter tears for the tried and the true.

Gone from our gaze—will they nevermore sing?—
Leaves fade and fall, and flowers are laid low;
But they always return with the beautiful spring,
Fairer and sweeter for their rest 'neath the snow;
And the birds all come back from the Southland fair,
And fill with sweet music the soft summer air.

And so it will be with our song-birds flown
To the groves of Love and immortal bliss;
They will often come back from their spirit-homes,
And sing to the hearts that so loved them in this;
They will sing of our dear ones, so fair and so blest,
And cheer us onward, to the clime where they rest.

VERIFICATION OF SPIRIT-MESSAGE.

ST. LOUIS, MO., November 1st, 1878.

FRIEND D. C. DENSMORE,—IN the VOICE OF ANGELS, of Nov. 1st., was a communication from my friend, Susan Kunkle. I am happy to say it is true in every respect. Go on with the good work.

Yours, respectfully,

GEO. W. RICHEY,
6814 Third St., South St. Louis, Mo.

INVOCATION.

ALL HAIL to thee, thou Father of Light! whose power is from everlasting to everlasting, with whom is no beginning, neither end! thou First Great Cause, we praise thy glorious name. Oh, teach us to do thy holy will in the way most acceptable in thy sight; enlighten our understanding; lift the veil of mortality, that we may be brought nearer to thee, and thus be enabled to realize that which we seek. Help us, oh, Father, for we are mortal, to live so that we may love all thy creatures; even toward the erring ones may we feel a loving charity, that will cover their short-comings, knowing we, too, are full of imperfection, and taking them with the hand of sympathy, lead them up out of even the darkest earthly surroundings; remembering in doing this we are all children of one Father. Holy Spirit, strengthen and guide us. We ask this in thy name, for humanity's sake. Amen

Mrs. A. ANDREWS, New Orleans.

A MOCKERY.—No mockery in this world ever sounds so hollow as that of being told to cultivate happiness. What does such advice mean? Happiness is not a potato to be planted in mold, and tilled with manure. Happiness is a glory shining far down upon us out of heaven. She is a divine dew, which the soul, on certain of its summer evenings, feels dropping upon it from the anemone bloom and golden fruitage of paradise.

THERE is no part of a plant which may not become a tendril. There is no part of the character which may not, by excess or weakness, lose its independence and become a burden or a snare to the rest.

THE SENSE OF TIME.—Geological phenomena represent time to the mind under a most striking and imposing form. They present to the eye, as it were, a sensuous representation of time; the mind thus becomes deeply impressed with a sense of immense duration; and whoever under these feelings is called upon to put down in figures what he believes will represent that duration, is very apt to be deceived. If for example, a million of years as represented by geological phenomena, and a million of years as represented by figures, were placed before our eyes, we should certainly feel startled. We should probably find that a unit with six ciphers after it was really something far more formidable than we have hitherto supposed it to be. Could we stand upon the edge of a gorge a mile and a half in depth, that had been cut out of a solid rock by a tiny stream scarcely visible at the bottom of this fearful abyss, and we were informed that this little streamlet was able to wear off annually only one-tenth of an inch from its rocky bed, what would our conceptions be of the prodigious length of time that the stream must have taken to excavate the gorge? We should certainly feel startled when, on making the necessary calculations, we found that the stream had performed this enormous amount of work in something less than a million years.—*James Croll*

THE NEEDED HEDGE.—Afflictions are God's most effectual means to keep us from losing our way to our heavenly rest. Without this hedge of thorns on the right and left, we should hardly keep the way to heaven. If there be but one gap open, how ready are we to find it, and turn out at it! When we grow wanton, or worldly, or proud, how doth sickness or other affliction reduce us!—*Barter*.

NOT FOR CURIOSITY.—How easy for Omniscience to have answered some of the many questions which agitate and sometimes agonize bereaved disciples. Dear reader, you and I want to walk by sight. God designs we should walk by faith. It doth not yet appear what we shall be. It is not best that it should yet appear. Better that the curtain remain closely drawn.—*Rev. Dr. Lamson*.

I HAVE a belief of my own, and it comforts me—that by desiring what is perfectly good, even when we don't quite know what it is, and cannot do what we would, we are part of a divine power against evil, widening the skirts of light, and making the struggle with darkness narrower.—*George Eliot*.

A CHARITY that is indelicate in its methods is a proper object of suspicion. So far as possible, all the processes, and all the recipients of charity, should be guarded by a profound and sacred privacy, that self-respect be not wounded, character injured, nor truth destroyed.—*Gail Hamilton*.

THERE is a great deal of unmapped country within us which would have to be taken into account in an explanation of our gusts and storms.

A CLOSE thinker says that the reason why many people know comparatively nothing, is that they never can bear to be told anything.

VOICE OF ANGELS.

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" D. K. MINER Business Manager

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NORTH WEYMOUTH, MASS., NOV. 15, 1878.

REMOVAL.

The VOICE OF ANGELS, formerly issued at 5 Dwight street, Boston, will hereafter be published at FAIR VIEW HOUSE,

NORTH WEYMOUTH, MASS.

All letters and papers, to secure attention, must be directed as above, to

D. C. DENSMORE.

N. B.—In remitting by mail, a Post Office Money-Order on Boston, or a draft on some bank or banking house in Boston, payable to the order of the undersigned, is preferable to bank-notes, for the reason that should the draft or order be lost, it could be renewed without loss.

D. C. DENSMORE,

Editor "Voice of Angels."

NOTE.—Letters sent to 5 Dwight street, prior to this notice, from our patrons and subscribers, will be forwarded.

EDITORIAL.

IS THE SOUL IMMORTAL?

DEAR AMANUENSIS AND FRIEND,—It is with no little pleasure that we take a few moments to answer the question bending this article, as it embraces in its summing up the *summum bonum* of all questions; and it gives us increased pleasure in responding thereto, as it emanates from a long-ago lady friend of ours, now far advanced on the road of mundane life—one who sustains the highest moral and social attainments among her compeers, highly educated and refined, surrounded with all the luxuries necessary for her physical wants while she remains upon the lower plane of being: yet notwithstanding all this—although brought up under the droppings of the sanctuary—having been a consistent church member all her life—at times she is perplexed with serious doubts as to whether the soul retains its identity after the dissolution of the physical body. In other words, she doubts whether the soul is immortal or not. In a recent letter, when speaking upon this subject, among other things she said, "Having failed to find sufficient proof in the church to convince me that the soul lives on after death, the same as before it left the physical body, I turned my attention to the teachings of Modern Spiritualism, with, I confess, a vague hope that through its teachings I might obtain the long-sought-

for result; but after years of patient investigating into its teachings, I find I am no better off than when I commenced. Now, friend Pardee, for old acquaintance sake, if for nothing else, if there is any way you can clear up these troublesome doubts, you will not only make me supremely happy, but lay me under obligations that an eternity cannot liquidate."

From other portions of her letter, when speaking of her investigations into the Spiritual Philosophy, the inference is clear that, like thousands of others, she began at the wrong end of the subject to acquire intelligent results. If, instead of launching out into unknown seas of flushed hope, as she says she did, without the chart and compass of experience to guide her over the tempest-tossed ocean of skepticism and doubt, she had commenced at the first letter in the alphabet of Spiritual knowledge, and grown and developed naturally into its teachings, the same as she would in any other science, (for Spiritualism is as much a science as mathematics,) she would have avoided—as we shall endeavor to show—all the troublesome doubts that now annoy and perplex her. If she had done this, that is, if, as before stated, she had started in the first letter of the alphabet of the laws of life, and had followed closely its teachings, she would have seen the necessity, in the first place, of asking this question, namely, "What is the soul, and where did it come from?" This settled, the question "Is the soul immortal?" must necessarily be settled also. For if the soul—the immortal, never-dying part of man—is an emanation from Deity, or the Divine Mind, or God, as our friend and everybody else claims it is, then the longevity of the human soul, and all other souls, as to that—for everything has a soul, or life-principle, which means the same thing—is and must of necessity be as lasting and eternal as the source from whence it sprung.

This is all we have to say upon the subject at this time; but if our esteemed friend desires to confer with us again upon that or any subject connected therewith, we shall be most happy to respond, as best we can.

NOTICE TO OUR PATRONS.

HAVING been very ill of late, and much occupied in moving into our new quarters at North Weymouth, it is possible some of our patrons may not have received their papers. If there are any such, by dropping a postal to that effect, I will forward PUBLISHER.

N. B.—This notice is also intended to apply to those of our correspondents whose recent favors have not received due attention.

SPIRIT MESSAGES,

GIVEN AT THE "VOICE OF ANGELS" CIRCLE,
OCT. 20, 1878,

THROUGH THE ORGANISM OF M. T. SHELLHAMER.

INVOCATION, BY ROBERT ANDERSON, CHAIRMAN.

Oh, thou who art our father, thou who art ever our best friend, our guide and protector! We bless thee for the return of this sacred hour; we bless thee for its solemnity, its harmony, its joys and hopes, for the aspirations for good that it brings to every Spirit; and we thank thee that we are again reminded that we are the objects of thy loving care.

If the past has thrown shadows about us, if we have been plunged in darkness, or have wandered from the path of right, we thank thee that we have emerged from the valley of gloom, and have gained the mountain-top. We bless thee for thy strength which has been imparted to us; for these Spiritual blessings; for the hymns of adoring praise, and for the future that is in store for thy children. We praise thee that our loved ones are waiting to receive us; that none are lost, but all are safe in thy keeping; for the heaven of the present, and the heaven of the by-and-bye. And oh, may we be given strength to do thy will, and to speak thy truth to mankind.

Blest ones who are with us at this time, we bid you welcome. We would co-operate with you to uplift the fallen and enlighten the benighted. Aid and assist this company to receive the truth from heaven, to be worthy of their holy mission, and to be faithful to the light that is within them.

REV. MR. ROBSON.

[THE Chairman of the Circle saw the approach of this Spirit. He was brought by a beautiful Spirit-maiden, whom we afterwards ascertained to be Annie Densmore. He described her as being very bright and shining, reflecting a light from her person, so as to make her almost transparent. She had previously requested the Chairman to sing a stanza of the "Saint's sweet home," which he did, although it is a hymn never sung by any of our circle. Later, we were told that it pleased and benefitted the old man very much.]

I do not know why I am here. I have been seeking the Lord, but cannot find him. I lived a long life on earth. I tried to do right, and preached the gospel, as I understood it, to my people. I thought I should see the blessed Jesus, but I haven't found him. Ninety-three years is a long time to labor in the vineyard. I haven't

been away very long; but I do want to find my Master. [Here the Chairman spoke to the Spirit, telling him that the only trouble was, that he had been looking in the wrong direction; that if he would look around, he would find the Father's Spirit manifested in every form of life, and by searching his own spirit and the souls of others, he would see the Christ principle at work, manifesting itself in love for humanity, and much more to the same purpose. The Spirit brightened up and said, "I begin to see a little better, but it is not quite clear, yet. I thank you, sir. My name is Robson. I belong to New York, and was well-known in that city."]

MARIA CRAWFORD.

I WOULD like to send a few words to my niece Jennie, sir. She will get it, as she lives with those who take the paper. I want to tell her that her mother sends her love and the promise to guide her in the move she is about to make. There are difficulties in the way, but they can be conquered, although it must take perseverance and hard work to do it. Strength to endure will be given from the Angel-World. She will understand. I do not wish to be more plain in public.

My name is Maria Crawford. I have been gone five years, and am now about sixty years old. I passed away with neuralgia, and it seems to trouble me some here. I came from Jersey City.

GEORGIANNA MAYNARD.

How do you do? My name is Georgianna Maynard, and I came all the way from Florida to send my love, and to say I can come back: and I am all well, now. I was always sick here; but I'm not so any more; and I think mamma will be glad to know I am with aunt Lucy, and she sends her love, too.

I have seen how tall the orange-tree is growing. It will yield something good some day. I planted it. I was thirteen years old. I want to send love to all the folks at Atkinsville, too. They used to call me Georgie.

CHARLIE L. SMITH.

I SUPPOSE I ought to be ashamed of myself to come. [Why so?] Because I put an end to myself, and had no right to. I was only twenty years old; but I thought life was too hard, and I threw it away. I was disappointed, and those who ought to have helped me wouldn't, and so I am here. Now, I am not blaming any one. I think I ought to have toughed it out some way on my own responsibility; but I didn't, and have been uneasy ever

since. It's only about six months ago; but that is as long as I want to feel this way.

There is an old gentleman standing pretty close, who brought me here. He belongs to my city. He said I'd get better if I came. I have a sister whom I would like to reach, and a dear friend, Mamie. I want to tell them how I regret the step I took, principally because of the grief it brought them. Grandfather feels bad, too, but it will be all right, now. I have nothing to say in complaint. Mother sends love, and so do I.

My name is Charlie L. Smith. I belong to Baltimore. If I do not succeed, may I come again? [Yes, indeed.] Thanks.

JOHN HENRY WEAVER.

I AM also from the city of Baltimore, Mr. Chairman, where I have many friends, whom I think would be glad to hear from me. My name is John Henry Weaver, sometimes called Henry. I shall have been gone two years early in the Spring, and was sixty-six years old.

I believed and enjoyed this thoroughly, and it does my soul good to be in this Spirit-circle. It is to me all grand and glorious, because I am not disappointed in any way, and am content to abide by the laws of retribution and compensation, which give each one just what belongs to him.

There are many old Spiritualists in Baltimore, I would like to waft a Spirit's greeting to, and to encourage them to go on in their glorious work in disseminating the truth. I know of no greater reward than the approval of one's own conscience, and the consciousness that we have done what we could.

I have listened with pleasure to Brother Danskin, in our good old Monumental City, and have felt while drinking in his words of spiritual cheer, that the knowledge of Spirit-Life and its laws was indeed a blessing to the soul.

I am glad to have met you. Press on until the victory is attained.

MESSAGES GIVEN OCTOBER 29, 1878.

DORCAS BREWER.

[THIS Spirit seemed to come very weak.]

I would like to come, but I don't know as I can do very well this time. It seems so long since I entered the blessed Angel-World, and I haven't been able to keep up the connection with this life very well. I am quite an old lady now; but age to the Spirit means only developoment, ripening, beautifying, and becoming experienced.

I left a dear husband, who many times wished for me to come; whose ripening days came on the earth, but whose love never grew cold. His name is Peter. I left dear children, who I hope some time to reach, and bless them with a knowledge of their mother's love.

I came all the way from the West, and somehow, although I never am tired in Spirit-Life, and the journey was short, yet I feel somewhat exhausted.

My name is Dorcas Brewer. Thank you, kind sir.

DR. DANIEL D. SMITH.

How do you do, sir? I have come to experience this thing for myself. There is nothing like one's own experience in getting at the truth of the matter. I am getting along in years—over three-score and ten; and yet, now that I have thrown off the incubus of the body, I feel as young and strong and hearty as I did fifty years ago.

I have been an inhabitant of the Higher-Life about seven months, I think, and can say I enjoy it much, for I find plenty of work. I am a native of Portsmouth, N. H.; but practiced of late pretty extensively in Brooklyn and New York. I was a homeopathist in theory and practice, and am so now to a certain extent, only adopting larger views.

Should this meet the eye of any of my friends, I shall be pleased to respond to any call they choose to make. My name is Dr. Daniel D. Smith. My illness was of short duration. I am exceedingly obliged.

GRACIE J. BROCK.

CAN'T I come, Mister? [Yes, dear.] I want to have the man write me a letter for my mamma. Mamma cried. She feels bad, now, 'cause I went to sleep; and I want to tell her I'm wide awake, I am. And I bring lots of love to her and papa.

I stays with a nice old lady, and she is ever so good. I guess mamma thinks I am way off, 'cause she don't call me, and I do come and hug her close. I wasn't asleep long. I waked up and see all the pretty, pretty flowers. It aint cold up there, and my froat ain't sore no more. I am growing. I am most five, now.

My name is Gracie—Gracie Brock. I've got another name, too; its Isie—Isidore. [What is papa's name?] Charlie; and mamma's is Mary. I'se live in Som'ville.

I be a little chatter-box. I want mamma to know, and papa, too, I ain't asleep. I'so wide awake; and I send 'em two tree lots tisses. Good bye. I like you, lots.

[Please send to Mr. Charles Brock or Mrs. Mary Brock, Somerville, Mass.]

ADELAIDE A. PROCTOR.

[This Spirit was preceded by Miss Cary, the poetess, who stated that she did not wish her communication to be published, as she merely came to introduce a kindred Spirit to our band and circle—"herself a poet and singer, and the daughter of Barry Cornwall. I refer to Adelaide Ann Proctor." At the close of Miss Cary's remarks, Miss Proctor took control of the Medium, and after exchanging greetings with the circle, and expressing her pleasure at the meeting, responded to the request of the scribe for something for the paper, as follows:]

I do not know as anything I can say will enhance the interest of your little paper; but it is a pleasure to me to thus return and attest to the truth, the beauty, and the joy of immortality. All the sweetness of my life seems concentrated in the perfect bliss of realizing in its completeness, that you are an immortal being, with powers and possibilities of endless growth and expansion; with capabilities for good that may be employed to their fullest extent; and that we live and love more truly, more perfectly than we ever could have done on earth. All earth's suffering, all its failures and mistakes are swallowed up in peace, when we have attained that stage where we can look back and understand they were all necessary for our interior growth.

Although nearly fifteen years have elapsed since I passed from mortal life, yet there are dear ones on earth who I know think of and love me still, and to them I would like to waft a Spirit's greeting, and to say, Death is only the entrance to the larger life, the sweeter love. In the still watches of the night, my Spirit holds sweet communion with your own souls, and it is then that we are no longer separated. How beautiful it is that,

Through all the changes of external life,
Its separations and its parting tears,
Its jarring tumult and its warring strife,
Its saddening memories of departed years,
The soul within retains its sweetest grace;
For love and sympathy n'er grow apart,
And death itself can rob us of no place
Our lives have filled in friendship's beating heart.

And so it is in spite of woe and sin,
Of faltering steps and purposes grown slow,
The haunts of sadness we may enter in,
Or crooked paths our weary feet may go,
Can never rob us of the larger love,
The sweeter, purer life that waits our time;
Our place is kept in brighter realms above,
Where God's eternal spirit reigns sublime.

NANCY JENNINGS.

I'm an old lady, over seventy years old, but I want to come. I have only been away a few weeks, and I couldn't wait any longer. It's all so wonderful that I hurried back as soon as I could, to tell the story. It's all so real that I can scarce-

ly believe my eyes. Why, there's houses and trees and gardens, and I've got my little patch here, too, and as soon as I can look around, I'm going to planting. And there are birds and waters and mountains, and kind friends who meet you as they used to do, only more tender and real like; and I'm so thankful. Bless the Lord! It's the safest, beautifullest that ever could be thought of. And I've not forgotten those I love here. I thank, and love and bless 'em all.

I am Nancy Jennings. I have met the dear ones who used to call me Nannie, years ago. Well, good bye, and bless you. I come from Saxonville, this State.

ON THE SHORE.

HOMEWARD the gull is flying,
And twilight darkens fast
Across the wet sea-margin,
Where sunlight lingers last.

The shadowy wings fit over
And skim along the deep,
And velled in cloud and silence,
Like dreams the islands sleep.

I hear from the plashy marshes
A strange mysterious cry—
A lonesome bird is calling—
How like to that am I!

And now the rain falls softly,
And now the wind is still;
But words which ocean whispers
Are open to my will.
Thendore Storm: translated by S. W. Duffield.

PEARLS FROM SPIRIT LIFE.

"WEST INGLE'S" DEPARTMENT.

JOB TAYLOR.

I AM Job Taylor, of Taylorsville, Plumas Co., Cal., and I have friends there who are anxious to hear from me, and through me. They want to hear from others who are here in Spirit-Life. Let me come to your circle once in a while, and I will talk common sense to many in California who do not know much of Spiritual things.

Did you get a letter in July from a friend of mine?—how near I will not say.

I am Job Taylor, and my friends knew the value of my friendship, and what I say to them at this time is said in solemn earnest, and I want them to know I mean every word of it.

Bill, Tommy, and Bob Smith, and many others who passed into the Spirit-Life in such an unexpected way. I say unexpected. Death should never take any one by surprise in California; yet it does often, and finds them often unprepared, too. I know I was not ready, and am trying to fix matters now the best I can; and you, old friend, will hear something to your advantage, if you will send your name to this Medium. Don't forget it, either. I would call your name out, and

talk to you like a brother, if you had not sailed under cover when writing to me. So I will only address you as an old friend.

I like the Spirit-Life, and if I had been a little better posted before I came here, I should have been in more exalted conditions. I was talking with Bob and Bill, and another friend—I think you will remember old Jim, who died by drowning some years ago—and we have concluded it is best to let you know what is required of men in this new life. Here, boys, I tell you, there is no trifling. All are in earnest, and willing to obey the laws, and the more good deeds you have recorded in your favor the better you will feel. I have some set down to my credit, and wish I had more. I know it will do you good to hear more from the Spirit-World, and when you come to understand that there is no hell, but a place of justice for every one, and where all get their just dues, you will know you have to answer for your own sins, and no one's else.

Boys, I want you to remember what I say to you, and if you give me a chance, I will explain everything.

And there are our lady friends—my own and others, who need to know where they are thoughtlessly drifting.

My dear friend, be true to yourself, and call often upon your friend, **JOB.**

FROM PERRY J. GILBERT, IN SPIRIT-LIFE, TO HIS MOTHER, MRS. JULIA P. GILBERT, OF YATES, N. Y.

MY dear, dear mother, how gladly I come to you from this mystic land, so uncertain to most of the human family, but so grandly real to me and those who understand the Spiritual Philosophy. I did not want to die, dear mother, though I had so little time to think of the change death brings to mortals. I had no realizing sense of what awaited me, not because you ever failed as a good mother and a patient teacher of all noble Christian principles, but because I could not realize I was passing away from the earth, so full of promised achievements and attainments for those who are endowed with intellect and reasoning faculties. I wanted to live and win a name which you might be proud of, dear mother, and one which would be an honor to father and the rest. God willed me another sphere of action, and after a brief struggle, I found myself free, and surrounded by those I had known and loved. I could still hear the sound of mourning, and I knew my mother grieved, though all others might think my death of little consequence to the world. My own dear ones at home would miss me more

and more as the years went by. How you all grieved for me, and I was powerless to let you know I still lived, and only a thin veil hung between us. You know how I suffered, and can realize what freedom from pain is and means. Though short, it was bitter while it lasted. Dying young is not a misfortune; for those educated here are learned, indeed. Spirits developed by Angel-teachers never forget their lessons, dear mother. No more than I forget the prayer you taught me kneeling at your knee in childhood.

Tell all who love me that Perry is the same in heart and spirit, though far more worthy of friendship and love now than ever before. I would like to tell you what grandmother says, and all the rest of those you love so dearly, but my time is limited and is most up. I have all I desire here, except you, father and the rest of them at home. I am out of pain and out of all trouble, and coming back, I can help you and father. He knows I can send messages, though he may not acknowledge it till he sees this. I think I will send my next to him.

There are so many of us here now, if we should all send messages you would have enough of them. Your friends and father's are nearly all here. Some of them are anxious to communicate. Grandfather Gilbert says that he was mistaken, and is better off than he thought to be. All are who come here. Some of the ministers and teachers on the earth ought to get a look at matters as they are. They would no longer preach everlasting torment. How could they, in view of the endless paths of progression stretching out before them?

Oh, mother, I want you to know just how it is in Spirit-Life, and remove all doubts. If I can get a chance, I will tell you. I want father to know all his struggles and disappointments in life are not in vain. They are not forgotten by the Angel-World. Everything is recorded. All his good deeds and kindly acts will bring him a rich reward in the future.

Oh, my dear parents, your children, both living and dead, will be a comfort to you in this World of the Spirit, as well as in earth-life. Do not doubt any more. If you feel happier to keep along with the church people, do so, for the Spirits do not bind the living to pillars of stone. They want them to be free, and feel free.

Tell father to look deeply into the philosophy of soul-communion, and I will carry a torch for him and illuminate his path all the way. Do not let others bias your mind one mite. Seek knowledge

for yourself, dear mother, and when you can feel to do so, hold a circle in our own home. I will try to influence some one of you. I would like to have you develop your noble gifts. You are powerfully mediumistic, dear mother, and later in life you will possess these gifts, and be glad they are yours. I send the love of all who are near and dear to you, and also give you my own never-dying, never-changing love. I will try hereafter to control circumstances in your life so this coming year will be one of peace and prosperity. I want my dear old home to be bright and happy, and all its dear inmates prosperous and contented.

I do not want any of you to mourn for me. I am content and happy in this beautiful land, where sorrow never enters, and where death never divides true and faithful hearts, never taking children from their parents. Dearest mother, remember this when you mourn for me, and miss me out of your life. I am not far from you. I am often with you all in the evening when you are together. I wish you would talk to me when your heart is heavy. I know your troubles, and can give you comfort, dear mother. This may be no test, but it is from your son, Perry J. Gilbert.

EMARANDA MARSHALL TO HER MOTHER, MRS. D. MARSHALL, MONITA, MASON CO., ILL.

My ever dear mother, do you know how glad I am to talk with you again? Indeed, I have tried to tell you all I feel, but I can only impress you with my own Spirit-desires, and it is not much satisfaction when I have so much to say; and my heart is so full of love for all the dear home friends. Oh, mother, how lonely you are at times, and you think of me and all who are here, and want to be with us, oh, so much.

Mother, I did not want to leave you, but I was called to go. My life was just in the sweetest season, and I wanted to live for those I love, but I find I can do more for them now, than if I had been left in the form. I can do more for you. There is a Spirit-friend here who calls herself aunt Hannah, and she says that you will know who she is. She passed from the earth when you was young. She has been kind to you in times of trouble. Here are so many of our friends, dear mother, I told you of. Some of them you remember, don't you?

Auntie says the Spirit-World is beautiful, more lovely than language can express, and she would be happy here if she had those with her who are so very dear to her. Grandma and her sister, Mary, are

here near me now. You do not remember your aunt, do you? She died years and years ago. They have all been here longer than I can tell; but, mother, there are some who have not been here long, who seem to know more than those who have been here nearly a century.

The Marshalls are a large family. You would think father's family was larger than yours; but there is a grand gathering around you, mother, sometimes. Did you know the little baby you lost before it had ever tasted of earth-life? He is called David—a kingly name—because he comes up in the royal beauty of the heavenly-developed. I wish I could give you some idea of the lovely Spirit who came here, like little David. I cannot tell if you know who I mean. My Father-Guide says he is one of our family. And now, mother, I am going to tell you of the dear little ones who are with me. Auntie holds two of them. As you know, I love them dearly. Indeed, mother, my mission is tending and teaching little Spirits sent here before their perfect development, and those poor little ones who are never wanted on the earth, but become lovely blossoms here.

You have much to do in the world, dear mother, before you come to me. Suffering human hearts must be taken care of, before you will have finished your life-work. There are members of our own family who need consolation, and many of them need to be convinced of the truth of Spirit-communion; and you can do so much. I am rejoiced that I am where I can help you. Father knows he needs further development, and then he will be powerful.

Remember me, dear mother, to all who loved me. One heart is grieved who never told his sorrow in words. I want to tell you of the changes yet to come. Some of them will make you happy, mother. All losses will be made up to you; and do not think all your hardships have not had their uses. All your disappointments will prove pleasures in the future. There is no great sorrow without some joy coming as a reward. Your reward as a good wife and mother will be the crown of noble womanhood. Give my best love to our dear ones at home. I love you all, and will minister to you all as best I may. I have been here a long time, but it does not seem but a day to me, mother.

MRS. CHARLOTTE POPE, IN SPIRIT-LIFE, TO HER SON, CAPT. EDWARD POPE, OF HENLEY, CAL.

My ever dear and faithful son, you will not receive this message as coming from a

mysterious source. You will recognize my language of love, and believe, though disembodied, I can still speak to you, and you will be glad to know that I am supremely happy in the new life, and have found rest from all my weary cares.

You know what I suffered, my son, and you can imagine my glad surprise when I found myself free from pain and surrounded with all the dear ones who entered the immortal life years ago, or many years before I did. What a pleasant welcome they gave me, and I soon learned I was in the land of freedom. Yet, my son, the freedom of the soul was not won upon blood-stained battle-fields. The peace of God is won by earnest effort, by good deeds nobly done to suffering humanity, and not by clash of arms and din of battle.

You will find all you love here, my son—the dear ones who have dropped out of life, as withered leaves fall from trees shaken by the autumn winds. I find it pleasant to come back to you, my dear boy, and if I could materialize before you, how your eyes would shine, just as they used to do when I returned home from a short journey. In the olden days, when you were a bright-eyed, loving baby, you were my pride and glory. What dreams I had of your future! I thought to see you one of the noblest and best of men. There was no gift of worldly honor which I did not crave for you; no height which I did not think it possible for you to reach. My son, you have in many things attained to all I could desire. You are good and true, and wherever manhood and earnest endeavor is required, you are not wanting. You have labored to win a noble place among honest-minded men. And I know you will succeed; for you have many years to live and labor for humanity. Do your best, my son. Develop every good gift of mind and heart, and when old age finds you, you will be prepared to enter this beautiful immortal life, and will merit the "Well done, good and faithful," which is ever the most cheering welcome the weary Spirit can receive when it enters the presence of the Great Supreme.

I have much to say to you of the dear friends here, and desire to be remembered to my loved ones on earth. Tell them of the true life, where weary hearts are satisfied, and say to them who ask of me, that I am amply compensated for all I ever suffered on earth. Other friends will speak to you soon, and I shall surely come again. My son, you have opened the way, and I will find you at times when

your heart craves a mother's love and sympathy. Be of good cheer, my dear son. For you there is joy on earth, and peace, love, and rest in heaven. I am still your affectionate mother, Charlotte Pope.

THROUGH C. E. WINANS.

JOHN M. MARSH.

Good morning, sir. [Good morning.] I have felt a good many times as if I would like to visit your seance-room, but I haven't had the opportunity of presenting myself satisfactorily before. I felt that if I came to this point, you could not but receive my message. Please say that it is from John M. Marsh. I have got a good many brothers and sisters in earth-life. I want this to reach two of my brothers. I want to reach them some time. I have a friend that I believe will send them your VOICE—the VOICE OF ANGELS. I want this put in that paper.

I went down to Densmore's house, but could not get in. The house was full, and if I waited, I don't know but what I would have to wait until next Spring before I could talk. So I have come here, and would say to Jonathan and William, You have both of you had various experiences in life. You have dug in the soil for a living; and J., you have blacksmithed for a living; you have gone fishing; you have built roads and levees. I think you have both done about as much labor as anybody; and now I find you doing a little Spiritual work. I am with you both. I want to start up the people. I want them to remember where they are going; that this life is only a short one; but that there's a big eternity over the river.

Here in Spirit-Life I have met your sisters. I have met George W. Malley, and Merca and George are together. I have been here a good while. I know how things are going on at home. I understand all about your affairs, brothers. I understand all that. I would like to help you, and will if I can. I would like to say to my brother J., Let the music come. When you hear those ringing notes, be sure that the angels are near. Let your voice go forth to speak words of cheer. Care not what others say. Rather rejoice that it has been given you to do a work. Do it faithfully. Fear not, though the thorns are around you. Like the many, I thought when I died, there would be an eternal separation between you and I. But I have found that power is mine to come to you hourly and daily.

Jonathan, don't move yet. Let your

mind rest a little while longer. You are not entirely contented where you are. I think you will be reconciled after a little. Farewell, my friends. A kind greeting to all. Onward I go. Not downward, but upward, searching for the treasures which are within the Spirit-World. When my friends learn of this, mystery will fill their minds; but that will make them search deeper and clearer into what is called death. Send message to Jonathan Marsh, Poseyville, Posey Co., Ind.

JAMES WHITCOMB.

I HAD the curiosity to step in here. I was brought here by my father and mother, and the rest of my Spirit-friends, for there is a host of them here, sir. [Are there?] Yes, and I was told if I had anything to say I would feel better for coming. I wish you would say that I am James Whitcomb, of Ganauque, Ontario. I passed away in 1876.

I have been gone about two years. I was seventy-three years old when I entered upon eternal life, and I was a stranger, knocking for admittance. The door was opened, and I passed in. Memory came, little by little, and I said, "Where am I?" Angels robed in white came toward me and said, "Thou art not of earth now; thou art Spirit." I could scarcely believe it; but now I know it, I see it, I feel it; and I would not come back to walk in the flesh again if I had the power.

I would like to reach some parties in Ontario, if I can. I know I will find this thing out. Occasionally, I've been close to 'em. I used to have some tradings with a man once, who was quite a Spiritualist, and I had the pleasure of telling him I thought he was a fool for believing such stuff. Now I understand all about it, and am glad to come myself. Not fettered in the body any more; free as the little bird you see flying from branch to branch, in the beautiful spring-time; giving forth warblings of praise to my Maker for having called me home; for having given me death of the body, and life everlasting for the Spirit. Resting now in a home of beauty, beyond my feeble language to express, kind greetings to all who ever knew me. Doubt it, if you will—that is your loss. Believe it, and that will be your gain.

CATHARINE FRANCIS.

WHERE am I? I am not dead; dead folks can't talk. Am I at Black Creek? I knew I was awful old, and couldn't stand it much longer. My name is Francis; Catharine was my first name. I feel thirty years younger than I did. You say I am in the Spirit-World. I didn't know

when the change was. I am happy; only I don't quite understand how I should come here. Oh, dear, I am so excited; I don't know what to say, only I am not dead; I have risen from the grave.

I wish to come again, if you will let me; for I have a daughter. I wish she would—I mean I. H. A.—accept my love from her old mother. I will not give you her full name, for fear she will not like it.

To I. H. A.—Your mother lives, and I am in a better place, where old age does not affect me. I have met Josey and William.

CATHARINE FRANCIS.

O'REILLY.

I'LL tell my name before I forget it. I believe I've forgotten everything I intended to say when I made up my mind to come. My name is O'Reilly. I passed away in Wainfleet, some time in November, about the 16th or 17th. I don't know and I don't care much, only I know I am not dead. This seems an unnatural process for me to be performing this amount of labor, and a kind of labor which I do not fully understand. Probably my capacity is not sufficiently unfolded or spiritualized to understand the ground upon which I am standing. I expect any one who sees this, that knew me when living, will place me with the insane. But what do I care for that—now I am doing my Master's work—a work that will bring me into closer relationship with the laws of the universe? I am not dead, but living. May the blessings which we can gather in the Summerland come to all the children of Earth. I am O'Reilly.

THROUGH ALFRED JAMES, PHIL'A,

[Walle entranced, written down as delivered by J. M. R.]

AUNTIE CHLOE.

LAWS a massy, chile! Why, how you do? Well, this is the strangest thing I ever did see. Laws sakes! I done believe I's gone through the transformation. Laws a massy! I allus wanted to be white, and I'm white at last, (alluding to the fact that she was then using a white Medium.) Well, halleluyah! Praise de Lord! But dis kind o' hollering don't amount to much. I shouted halleluyah a long time; but bress your soul, chile, it don't get any lighter. Ole massa say, "Go back, Auntie Chlo; there is a good gemman who'll tell you what to do. I went away brack, and I come back white. [She was told that what she had been taught about the future life was a mistake; that in passing to Spirit-Life, the real work to be done was yet before her.] Do you know, Massa Fred Lee told me the same

as you do, chile. Dey know me down in Ole Virginny as Auntie Chloe. I lived in de country near Fairfax. Massa Fred tole me to come yar. He said he'd been back hisself. Darc was no war when I was here.

You see, chile, I want to know how I'm to get out from whar I'm all confined like. I'm with culled pussons; but I see plenty of de white people, too. Dey shout and holler and clap dare hands; but dat don't seem to do 'em any good. I tell you, massa, I spected to see some of dem grand folks what dey speak of in de Bible; but I done see none of dem yar.

It is so long, massa, since my transformation, (dat is what you call it, ain't it, massa?) dat I mose forget 'bout tings yar. You see, massa, dare is too many of one kind yar. It does seem dat all dese niggas 'round me is in de same box wid myself.

[This Spirit was told that she could be vastly useful to her Spirit associates, by showing them the way to return, as she had done, for instruction, which she and they could appreciate in no other way; that by helping them in that manner, and by telling them what she had realized as a returning Spirit, she would herself rise in Spirit-Life, and show them the way to follow her to a happier state.]

["WILD CAT," the Indian guide of the Medium, next took control, and said, "There be Indian chief here. He be Mohawk chief. He no all Indian. He part white. He be Brandt. He got something to say 'bout Indian drive back West. Me no like Mohawk chief. Me be Shawnee. Most of my life me be only Indian brave. Me at Braddock's defeat. Me made chief when old. Me home at Muskingum, Deer Creek, Ohio. Me let Mohawk chief talk." Thus we see that the former earthly feuds of the Indians are still not forgotten by them, when they return from the Happy Hunting Ground to the country they once occupied. In the war between France and England, the Shawnees, and other powerful Indian tribes of the West, were the allies of the French, while the Six Nation tribes, of which the Mohawks were one of the most warlike and powerful, were the allies of the English. Hence the prejudice of Wild Cat, the Shawnee, against Brandt, the Mohawk.]

BRANDT.

INDIAN big fool to fight 'gainst Grent Spirit to try keep back pale-faces. Grent Spirit angry with red children; hide his face. They take trail towards setting sun. Indian no do right with ground; no ruse;

no work; much hunt; much scalp. Spirit-Father no like. Spirit-Father like um go ahead; not stay in one spot. Indian never improve place; must hunt; must fish; must fight; must scalp enemy; soon Indian be no more in this country.

Home of Spirit-Father much big. Room there for pale-face, black-face, red-face; all kinds. List to counsel of old brave, long time pass away. Lift Indian up. Indian find better off in some things than pale-face, in Spirit-Life. Tell you, brave, nothing between Indian and Spirit-Father. Can go straight, because no trails lead Indian away from the big trail. Indian all united. Chief, your best friends in Spirit-Life be Indian Spirits. They bring you light and strength. When they come, all kinds of Spirits show themselves here. Indians have from first helped what call 'terialization. If not for Indian, priests soon upset all, and Spirits not show themselves. Cloud between wigwam of Red-man and strong house of Yankee. Great Spirit drive it away. Bury hatchet deep, so no scalp taken from pale-face in Indian country.

DEACON RALPH MAYBERRY.

GOOD morning! What 'a miserable thing it is to find you are mistaken. When a man starts well he ends well. That is the way with me. I had a good deal of faith and zeal for the Christian cause, because it paid me to do it; but I do not know that I had much confidence in its power. I lived to be an old man; was rough in my ways, and very determined to carry my point. Such was my character. What have I got now? I have got a lot of actions staring me in the face from day to day; or I might as well say from night to night; for it is pretty black where I am.

Well, sir, they say an open confession is good for the soul, so I think I'll confess, It will do no harm if it does no good. When I see the mask torn off of me, I know I was a sycophantic rascal. I made long prayers, and I might as well say they were nothing more than wind as far as I was concerned. There is one text which I think is pretty true—"Be sure your sin will find you out."

Well, what more can I say, friend? I can say that the way is dark and the road dreary, and I do not see any helping hand to lead me through it. As there is no one to help me, and as I am a pretty determined character, I'm bound to help myself. Well, there is something here today by which I get light to a certain extent.

Please sign this Deacon Ralph May-

berry. I would rather not name the town I lived in. Those who know me will know this comes from me. I was a Methodist the latter part of my life; but I had been two or three other things before that. I was one of those cunning old rats who sought to go with popular opinion.

You wonder from time to time how so many Spirits are brought here. This Medium appears to be a pure and open channel for Spirit-control, and they can all come and communicate through him, because of his blameless life and truthful nature. The Spirit who will succeed me is the one who brought me here. She is a Greek girl; an unseen and unknown guide of this Medium, and it is her who has brought so many others here. Her name is Ianthe.

IANTHE.

Good morning, sir. Charity unfoldeth a Spirit, like the gentle dew falling from the heavens upon the parched plain. How much more noble to build up and repair the misfortunes of the human race, than to be an Iconoclast, and keep them down. Sir, when I look out upon the beautiful earth, and see so much strife, and unfolding of that which prevents the Spirit, when it comes from the life beyond, from anything of the relations which it will have to meet there, I cannot but exclaim, Oh, awake mortal, and grasp the truth before it is too late to profit by it, in the life to which you are hastening.

There are gentle, kind, and thoroughly Spiritualized beings, who feel so sad to see those who are gifted with as noble spirits as they possess, yet far beneath them. To lift these up is a mighty work; but in infinity there is no lack of time for its accomplishment. We have an eternity to work in, but there is a waste of time while these poor Spirits are dragged down by their earthly passions.

Sir, I thank you for your efforts to look across the Valley of Death into the realms beyond, to help a poor unfortunate child of circumstances, to a brighter, happier, more celestial home. I have sent many here, and from time to time, I will communicate with you. At the time I lived on earth, daughters were seldom known by family name until they married. I died a virgin. I would say to the Medium, Keep yourself pure, and you will get nobler things than have yet come through you.

JOSE SALVADA.

Good evening, signor. I was born in Barcelona, Old Spain. I was an instrument maker; made spy-glasses, marine

glasses, etc. I spent the earlier portion of my life at Barcelona; afterwards at Funchal, Madeira, and afterwards at Havana, Cuba. I was a rover. To me the greatest punishment was to stay a long time in one place. I understood many languages, that I picked up from time to time; and I had a little of all kinds of beliefs about the Spirit-Life. I have often seen things in my life that I could not account for, but which I now understand, since I passed to Spirit-Life. This is a strange life that I see from day to day in the Spirit-World. The great difficulty with one of my roaming tendencies (which follow me here) is, that there is no end to the sights and scenes; no end to the diversity of landscapes. It seems to me that you travel on and on, and still you find something new. Strange questions are asked, and if a man never reasoned when he was here, he has to reason when he gets there. It is forced upon him.

The first I ever heard of the life beyond was from an old man. He said to me, "Step by step you must climb up towards the Infinite. There is no rest nor sleep here. You must be up and doing. Form some noble purpose in your mind, and let that purpose be your guiding star, and all will be well." I have followed this advice, Signor, and I have found it good. I thank you for this privilege. My name was José Salvada.

A SORT of ostracism is continually going on against the best, both of men and measures. Hence the good are fain to purchase the acquiescence of the bad, by contenting themselves with the second, third, or even fourth best, according as they can make their bargain.—Augustus Hare.

THE Scriptures give four names to Christians, taken from the four cardinal graces so essential to man's salvation; believers, for their faith; saints, for their holiness; brethren, for their love; disciples, for their knowledge.—Andrew Fuller.

IF one touch of nature make the whole world kin, methinks that sweet and wonderful thing, sympathy, is not less powerful. What frozen barriers it can melt in a moment!

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